

THE WOMEN

Vol. 19, No. 6

Hampshire College

December 6, 2002



COMMUNITY COUNCIL

PREREGISTRATION

BOOZE RUN

SPEND \$75
AT R&P

OFFICE OF
STEVE WEISLER

PRICE \$400

OFFICE OF
THE PRESIDENT

PRICE \$150

PREREGISTRATION



PVTA ROUTE M40
Smith-UMass
"Minuteman
Express"



PRICE \$200

YURT

PRICE \$320

COMMUNITY
COUNCIL



FOLLOW FOR
DON'T FOLLOW
PROCEED ON
TOP CARD

RED
BARN

PRICE \$300

AIRPORT
LOUNGE

PRICE \$300



PRESOTT
HOUSE

PRICE \$280

INFORMATION (IT)



PRICE \$150

GREENWICH
HOUSE

PRICE \$260

ENFIELD
HOUSE

PRICE \$260

PVTA ROUTE 38
Mt. Holyoke Via
Hampshire



PRICE \$200

MULTI-
SPORT

PRICE \$240

TENNIS
COURTS

PRICE \$220



PREREGISTRATION

COLLECT
\$200.00 FINANCIAL
AID AS YOU PASS



MERRILL
HOUSE

PRICE \$60

COMMUNITY
COUNCIL



FOLLOW FOR
DON'T FOLLOW
PROCEDURES ON
TOP CARD

PRICE \$60

DAKIN
HOUSE

TUITION

PAY 10%
OR
\$200
OR
DROP OUT



PRICE \$200

PVTA ROUTE 39
Smith College
Hampshire

FRANKLIN
PATTERSON HALL

PRICE \$100

PREREGISTRATION



ADELE SIMMONS
HALL

PRICE \$100



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omen

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layout & editing

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Christine Eslao	Wheelbarrow
Sasha Horwitz	Train
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THE OFFICIAL OMEN STAFF

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover and back cover
by Christine Eslao
with Bradyen Burroughs and
the Omen staff



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 7 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill C108, Box 853, x4481. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to ajm99@hampshire.edu.

And be sure to read our policy
box at the bottom of the next
page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

It ain't no pop cause that
sucks, and you can New Jack
SWING on my nuts

quote attributed to Ice Cube



EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG

a editorial



Here's what the trend has been for me since I got to Hampshire. The stuff that seems intimidating up front, Division II in particular, ends up being surprisingly doable. The stuff I think I have a plan for, on the other hand, totally kicks my ass. I thought I had a pretty good idea what I could do to satisfy my Div I requirements, and even figured I could be done with them within my first year. (This was under the *old* system, of course, which I'll get into in a minute.) Needless to say, I was an idiot. My project-based Div Is didn't even get started until my fourth semester, and I passed my last Div I the day before Commencement, May 2001. I'm actually kind of proud of that timing, since it makes a good conversation starter ("I almost had to pay an extra \$33,000 in tuition because I played *Street Fighter Alpha* too much!"), but it wasn't quite what I had planned.

Given that, I probably should have known that everything I was told about being in the first semester of a Division III project was a lie. All right, that's an exaggeration, but the descriptions I got from my second-semester Div III friends and acquaintances were perhaps a bit inaccurate. I got the impression that for the first semester of the Div III, you get a chance to kick back, wrangle with your committee, play bit parts in some other students' film projects, and generally savor the impending doom. In my experience it hasn't been that idyllic; I've really only had time for that last one. I could have used a break, too. For the three semesters before I filed Div III, I worked pretty much nonstop, unless playing *Super Smash Bros.* and *Tony Hawk Pro Skater 3* counts as stopping. It's easy to see why second-semester

Div III students, most of them more machine than man at that point, would consider the previous semester a relative vacation, but for me this has not been the case. At this point I'm only taking one class, Japanese, and somehow managing to get a *worse* grade than last year when I was juggling three other classes. Go me.

This is sort of what bothers me about the new first-year plan (and there's a lot of bothersome stuff about it). Word on the street is that instead of having to complete four nebulous projects, students from F02 on will have to pass eight classes in their first year. I actually suggested such a system in the *Omen* a few years ago, but I was *joking*. Had I realized the administration was combing the *Omen* for their curriculum ideas, I would have been more careful. Pass only seven classes, I'm told, and you're on probation, only six and you're out. Depending on how reliable my sources are, you may even have to take a class in each of the five schools.

That shit is wack, as fly as it may seem. It makes me wonder how out of touch the administration is with the students. Four classes is a tough workload – certainly feasible, but tough. While it should be everyone's goal to finish eight classes in their first year, I maintain it is quite possible to finish seven, maybe even six and not be a total slacker. My second semester I took Intro to Cognitive Science, which mostly gave me an intro to dense, unreadable academic essays, and was quite happy to bail before doing the final paper. I actually managed to do better final projects in my other three classes, and Intro to CS wasn't a total loss – I got to take a class with Joe Cruz, who now teaches at Williams. He plays six-string bass. Under the new system, I would

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policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



by Michael Zole, editor-in-chief

SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

RESPONSE TO JESSE

Jesse Weinberg's articles "From Fascism to Fundamentalism: Terror before June 1967 and Now" and "Arafat's War" illustrate the conflict facing American Jews today. As members of a religion/race whose fight for survival has been used as the justification for the oppression, displacement and destruction of another people, we must confront the true history of Zionism and question the legitimacy of actions taken in our name. As tax-paying citizens of an Empire that not only benefits from, but militarily and financially supports the occupation of Palestine, we must examine our own accountability for US involvement in the Israel-Palestine conflict.

Let me be clear: I'm not interested in trying to manipulate history to sway opinions in one direction or another, nor am I suggesting that a condescending token toss to the bloody histories on either side would be the appropriate approach. What I am doing is registering a statement of dissent against Weinberg's article: it is vague, deceptive, blatantly one-sided and unhelpful. The only purpose I can gather from it is to inspire hate and misunderstanding.

What the articles brings up is that the very spectrum of the publicized Jewish-American opinion towards Israel reveals a reluctance to really address the realities of Occupation. At one end of the spectrum, there exists a rich and powerful Pro-Israel Jewish American lobby that plays no small part in

the American investment in Israel. The other end, only a few notches away, is a so-called 'liberal' Jewish contingency that grimaces awkwardly, sometimes even 'disagrees' with the current situation in Israel but refuses to address the more fundamental questions of land rights, imperialism and genocide. Voices expressing a more thoughtful and critical dissent are generally silenced. I am a Jew, a proud one. I reject Israeli imperialism, and I reject the implication that Jews automatically support and associate with Israel. More than that, I am enraged that my cultural identity would be invoked to justify such an oppressive and murderous infringement.

If Weinberg wants to try to use PLO terrorism as a justification for Israeli terrorism, fine – but let's not dance around with half-told histories that quietly sweep aside the complexities of the conflict. Ultimately, it is a battle of rhetoric that he's fighting: one could as easily write an article called "From Fundamentalism to Fascism" describing Israel's rise from Zionist terrorism to racist apartheid. In the end though, citing relationships between Palestinian leaders and Nazis or spewing uncited statistics about PLO terrorism doesn't change the fact that the land we now call Israel was deliberately invaded by a radical sect of the Jewish Diaspora that violently displaced an entire nation of Palestinians and laid claim on the very identity of modern Judaism.

by Daniel José Older, contributor



ANYWAY, MY POINT IS...

Preface: This article will be used to respond to two points made in the last issue of the omen.

Point A: Last issue a columnist by the name of Justin Philpot wrote an article entitled "At Least My Name's On It." I would like to respond to the section that discusses "that guy that sits on the wall in the FPH breezeway," also known as "the kid-girl kid" or, more commonly, "Freddy." Indeed, he sits there day in and day out and does something that is akin to harassment. Yes many people, mostly women, are bothered by him. Yes, when one is bothered by something they should take the appropriate action to hold the source of their botherment accountable.

However, I question the suggestion that in this case, the best way to do this is by calling public safety. I have always believed that the best way to approach a conflict is to talk about it, to understand the other side, to create compromise or at least an understanding. At first Freddy's actions made me angry. The arbitrary assignment of a label (kid or girl) derived from a hotly debated binary gender system is both politically and socially incorrect. I was offended. I ignored him. I gave him the finger. I may have even dropped the F-bomb a few times, all in an attempt to resolve my problem with what he was doing, but nothing helped, nothing changed.

Then one day I sat down and talked to him. I asked him questions. He gave me answers.

He gave me a lot of insight into who he was and why he was doing what he was doing. I explained to him that "girl" was a label that I am not comfortable with, and neither was "kid." During this discussion he proved himself to be a polite, rational human being. After this conversation not only am I no longer personally offended by his actions, but I think he's a great person to talk to and hang out with. He also has called me "person" ever since.

No, what he is doing isn't "right", but right now it's important to him that he does it. It's not my place to write an article about the whys and wherefores. If you are upset by him, it is your place to find out. You might enjoy the ideas he has to share and hey, you might even make a new friend.

Point B: Beth, Beth. I love you. You were once my intern and we have a special bond and you were super hot on Halloween. However, I have some issues with the last edition of "Beth sez GRRRI!" I agree with you that random registration times are unfair and that the administration is not paying as much attention to older students as they should. This point is about your accusation that the first year class is segregating themselves into "little-friend-groups" and ignoring the larger community, not taking involvement in planning or attending events. Yes, apathy is a disease afflicting many members of our beloved Hampshire community but I am going to stick up for the new kids here. Over the

course of my first semester here at Hampshire College I have seen first years do incredible things. First-year volunteers made the Slam Collective Verbal Response Festival possible by publicizing, staffing video crews, and providing guest poet hospitality. I know first years that are student group signers. We are EPEC class facilitators and regular participants. We regularly help Div III students with their film projects. We are members of the Queer Community Alliance. We are active participants in the anti-war campaign. We arrange trips to protests. We are directing the Vagina Monologues on campus. We organize and participate in open mics. We helped organize Transgender Day of Awareness. We create and circulate petitions to get rid of same-sex bathrooms on campus. Yes, movies are something we like to attend, but so are student plays, anti-racism workshops and guest lecturers. Oh! Oh! Look! A first-year writing An article for the Omen!

Making and keeping new friends is very important to us right now as we are all in this new environment, cut off from the comfortable lives we had before. "Little-friend-groups" are a big part of our lives right now, but first years are also doing awesome things on campus, even if they aren't the awesome things you yourself are organizing. Thank you for all the work you do for us Beth. We recognize it. All we ask is that you recognize our contributions as well.



WHO ARE THE MURDERERS?

This article is in response to John Wible's article "A Response." This is a difficult article for me to write; it is difficult to respond to a man who condoned suicide bombing with the question "What would you do? With no security, and no way to secure yourself, one can only imagine you in that situation would strike back." I have a different question to ask: do people in Israel have security? On the very morning that I write this article, November 21, 2002, a suicide bomber detonated himself on the back of a bus filled with kids on their way to high-school, murdering 11 and injuring over 50. No one in Israel can safely go to school, movies, out to eat, to the center of their town or to visit relatives. They can not sleep safely in their homes, terrorist have broken into houses and murdered children in their beds along with their mothers who huddled over them in a vain attempt to protect them from a machine-gun. The fact that John Wible calls this systematic campaign of murder "fighting for dignity," is just as disgusting as Arafat calling it "resisting occupation." All programs of extermination have these nice little euphemisms: Columbia has its "War on Drugs" and China "liberated" Tibet from "foreign imperialists."

Hamas, Islamic Jihad, PFLP, DFLP, Arafat's Fatah party and his presidential guard are terrorists. They systematically use violence as a means to intimidate or coerce Israeli and Palestinian society. That's the dictionary definition of terrorism. There is no moral equivalency between

Palestinian terrorism and Israeli self-defense. Wible poses the question "When a 10 ton bomb was dropped onto a Hamas leader's house, killing him, his family, and most people within a block radius were they valid targets, if not, is that terrorism?" This statement is false and sheer propaganda; The Hamas leader Salah Shadadeh was not in a house but in a bunker that served



Husayni meets Hitler on Nov. 21, 1941 to help plan the destruction of the Jews

as a bomb factory in Beit Hanun, on the outskirts of Gaza city. From there, he commanded 60 armed militia members organized into cells that had carried out six suicide bombings and murdered over 100 people. The IDF used a bomb weighing 1.5 tons because that was what was needed to penetrate Shadadeh's bunker. Everyone killed was inside the bunker and the IDF had no way of knowing that five of the twelve occupants were not terrorists, but Shadadeh's family. This was a mistake admitted to by the IDF, unfortunately a mistake in war leads to casualties - this is the nature of war.

You see that's the difference between IDF actions and Arafat's Fatah. The IDF only targets known members of the paramilitary units while Fatah targets civilians. Israel's check points are to search vehicles for bombs, guns, paramilitary members wanted for crimes or on their way to commit another one. The IDF began stopping ambulances based on intelligence information that they

were being used to transport weapons and explosives; indeed, this suspicion was confirmed as a stopped ambulance was caught transporting armed terrorists. Olive trees are cut down because snipers use them for cover. This is why every single member of every single Palestinian paramilitary unit is a war criminal. In the 1949 Geneva Convention (which applies regardless of status

of statehood) it is illegal for combatants to target civilians, order the targeting of civilians or not wear a uniform so as to make distinguishing between combatants and non-combatants impossible. Systematically targeting civilians, such as by suicide-bombing, falls under the category of crimes against humanity and genocide. These Palestinian "revolutionaries" are war criminals. Despite its tragic, fatal mistakes the IDF never targets non-combatants.

Wible insisted it was Sharon who started the second intifada when he visited the temple mount and made a "racist" speech on September 28, 2000. Tawfiq Tirawi, the Palestinian Authority's Head of General Intelligence, disagrees. He told Le Monde in an interview that Arafat had planned the intifada after his demands were not met at Camp David. He ordered it to commence the day after Sharon's visit because it served as good

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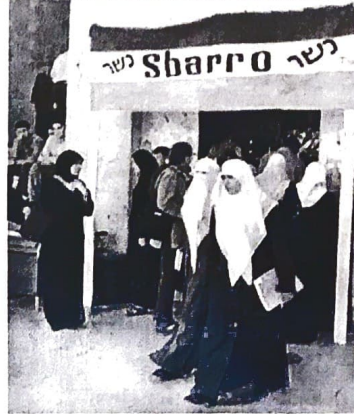
PROPAGANDA VS. FACT

If I have learned anything in last week's article written by John Wible, it is that history teachers need to monitor their students' research; they must even check 300 level papers. John was kind enough to share his accomplishments with the community. For those of you who have not read his modest autobiography in the beginning of the article, (it's shortly after John states "his voice of reason"); he has written two 300 level papers about the Middle East, AND is currently working on his third. Like just about every student at Hampshire, he does not have much free time on his hands. Replacing facts with opinions and assumptions on papers allows more free time for students who do not even know the right date of Israel's creation, to write unresearched, inaccurate articles about the Middle East. After all, "the Omen is simply not about doing homework", he says (Hey John, it's 1948).

When it comes to Israel, I do my research every day, checking numerous newspapers and sources. I encourage activists to do the same; in the beginning of the year the posters that were near the library were incredible. Point blank, they were false.

The polished posters, courtesy of some Pro-Palestinian organization outside of Hampshire, had written that the Israelis were not satisfied with the piece of land allotted to them by the British, and so they invaded the Palestinians' allotment, which started the War of Indepen-

dence. What truly happened was that the Israelis abided by the partition, but the Palestinians refused. The first large-scale attack was on January 9, 1948. One thousand Arabs attacked Jewish communities in the Northern mandatory Palestine. (I say Palestine because Israel did not become a state or country until May 14, 1948.) There were so many Arabs that had infiltrated the communities, that the British had to turn over their bases and arms to the Arab legion. On May 15, 1948, one day after the creation of Israel; Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Lebanon attacked the new state. A total of 650,000



Egyptian, Syrian, Jordanian, and Palestinian combatants (not counting Saudi Arabia, Lebanon, or Iraq) bombarded and fought against 140,000 Israeli soldiers. Though the Arabs outnumbered the Israelis and were far better equipped, Israel managed to defeat them, and won an addi-

tional 2,500 square miles. As well, Jordan was given Eastern Jerusalem and the West Bank, and Egypt the Gaza Strip. (The statistics can be found on onwar.com, a web site that recounts wars, not propaganda as John would profess accusingly.) After the war, the neighboring Arab states, those so willing to help their brothers defeat Israel, provided very little to the people who became refugees after the war. Jordan was the only country that offered citizenship, and most of the refugee camps were funded and ran by the United Nations and international organizations.

What I found even less credible than the posters, were the "activists" at the booth who could not discuss any of the "points" written. They openly said that they did not know enough about the situation. Most of the people I have talked to who want to stop "Palestinian oppression" know only how to repeat slogans. At Hampshire, activism is a trend. The cause doesn't matter, it is the notion of fighting for something- anything, that attracts them. There is no thought involved. Think: Israel is the only democracy in the Middle East; the Pal-

estinians were very poor and not well treated before Israelis gained control of the territories; the neighboring Arabic countries do not care about the Palestinians. They don't even want them in their own countries! If they really cared about them they

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cover. Mamduh Nofal, Arafat's personal advisor confirms this. In the Palestinian newspaper al-Sabah on Sept 11, 2001 he said "It [the intifada] is not a mass movement separate from the Authority or which started spontaneously. The opposite is true; it began on the basis of a decision from the highest echelons of the Authority before it turned into a popular movement." The Mitchell Report published on May 20, 2001 came to the same conclusion: Sharon's visit had nothing to do with the starting of the intifada. The only one who still believes it is Wible. Since Arafat purposefully planned and orchestrated a systematic campaign of murder targeting civilians, which both Tirawi and Nofal are adamant that he did, he too has committed war crimes and crimes against humanity.

Furthermore, Wible's attacks against Jewish communities in the West Bank are just obscene. The West Bank is the home of 218,000 people that Wible labels "colonialist," merely because they are Jewish rather than Muslim. They are no threat to Arafat's Palestinian state he is trying to declare. They are just families living their lives, 60% are children under the age of 18; How could they possibly be a threat? If Arabs can live in Israel, why can't Jews live in the West Bank? Why must they, along with the 190,000 Jews in East Jerusalem be forcibly expelled from their homes? What other than anti-Semitism

xenophobia would possess Arafat to pass a law punishing selling land to a Jew with death by firing squad or refuse to have peaceful relations with Israel until every Jew in the West Bank, Gaza and East Jerusalem is expelled? Why is it that he allows Israeli Arabs to move and live in the West



Hamas rally in Gaza Oct 6, 2000

Bank, Gaza and East Jerusalem but not Jews? Wible, like Arafat, merely slaps the label colonialist on Jewish communities because if he describes them for what

they really are, just a collection of families working and raising families, they will not sound terrible at all. Wible also defended the "Right of Return," a euphemism for the demand that Jews inside Israel be expelled so Arabs who fled during the civil war and the Arab invasion that followed can live in the exact spots that their grandparents fled from. First this demand would only create a new refugee problem as now the Jews of Israel would have no place to live. Secondly, their is an average of 50

claimants to each individual plot of land as every descendent wants their grandfather's plot, making the population transfer that Arafat and Wible supports impossible. That is also why it has never been done in any civil war. Even after the recent civil war in Bosnia ended in 1995, none of

the 2 million Serbs were capable of returning to what became Croatia, the logistics are just impossible.

The amount of historical inaccuracies in John Wible's article were enormous and would take far too long to correct them all. Israel was founded on May 14, 1948 but Wible wrote it was founded in 1947. Apparently Wible confused UN resolution 181 of 1947 with the establishment of Israel. He mixed up the Balfour Declaration of 1917 that expressed Britain's support for a Jewish national home, with the 1939 Malcolm white paper that limited Jewish immigration. Wible claimed that the invading Arab armies lost territory in the war of 1948 when in reality Jordan conquered the entire West Bank and Egypt took the entire Gaza. He thought UN resolution 242 which made the "land for peace" formula official UN policy was what determined Israel's borders, despite the fact that resolution 242 never makes any reference to delineating any borders of any kind. He even admitted he didn't know who Hajj Amin al-Husayni was, but still claimed that he was qualified to evaluate Husayni's status as a Palestinian leader. Wible wrote that the word leader was an "ambiguous term," so allow me to give a more detailed summary of Husayni's political activities. Husayni was the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, President of the Supreme Muslim Council and



Terrorist holding an anti-tank missile launcher in a Fatah rally Nov 1, 2000

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WHO ARE THE MURDERERS?

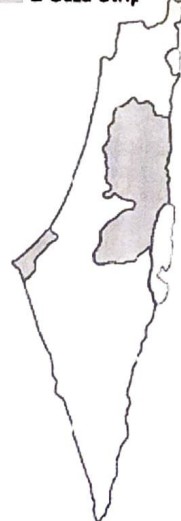
President of the Arab Higher Committee, making him both the political and religious leader of the Arabs of Mandatory Palestine. He led the 1936-39 Arab revolt in Mandatory Palestine. He was also a Nazi war criminal. Adolf Eichmann's deputy Dieter Wisliceny testified at the Nuremberg trial that: "The Mufti [Husayni] was one of the initiators of the systematic extermination of European Jewry and has been a collaborator and advisor of Eichmann and Himmler in the execution of this plan." He formed the 13th Waffen SS unit in Yugoslavia. The 13th SS was in charge of hunting down Jews, Gypsies and Serbs and deporting them to the notorious Jansenovac concentration camp, where 800,000 people were systematically murdered. In 1945 Husayni fled to Egypt where he became the President of the All Palestine Government based in Gaza. Hajj Amin al-Husayni is a major figure in the Arab-Israeli conflict, Israeli and Palestinian history. John Wible may never have heard of Husayni before but Yasser Arafat certainly has. Beginning in 1965 Husayni promoted Arafat as his successor. Just this August Arafat gave a speech commemorating Husayni as "Our Hero," and a symbol of Palestinian resistance to be emulated. I think Arafat is doing an excellent job of trying to emulate the founder of Jansenovac's 13th Waffen SS.



BASIC COMPARISON

Continuing a semester-long pattern, this Omen contains a large quantity of anti-Palestinian propaganda, wrapped up in historical misinformation and rhetoric about "Israeli security." We have not had the time, energy, or inclination to muddle through their dizzying quantity of lies and innuendos.

the West Bank & Gaza Strip



We would, however, like to offer two very simple maps.

The first map shows the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, otherwise known as the Occupied Territories (an occupation that is clearly illegal under international law and UN mandate). These areas make up only 22% of pre-1948 Palestine. At the Oslo Peace Accords, Palestinian leadership agreed to give up any claims to the other 78% of their homeland.

The second map shows the supposedly generous offer made by Prime Minister Barak in 2000, who was not willing to cede the Palestinians even 22% of their homeland. The unshaded areas are Israeli settlements (again, illegal under international law, and many conveniently located to gain control of local water supplies), which would not become part of a new Palestinian state. The areas shaded in black are zones of "temporary" Israeli control, to remain under the authority of the Israeli military for an indefinite period of time. The remaining (barely contiguous) territory would make up a new Palestinian state,

which would have no control over its own border crossings.

Such are the real facts of the conflict in Israel and Palestine -- outright refusal by Israel to allow the formation of a truly independent Palestinian state within the occupied territories.

10% "Temporary" Israeli control





SEX IN THE SOUTH

When I first moved back to Louisville, I was optimistic about the dating scene. After all, people actually date here, as opposed to Hampshire, where all I remember are sweet little one night trysts and bunches of people joined at the hip. No middle ground, no moderates, no different from our politics. But ya know, I could go for a little orgiastic bell-ringing action right about now. Cause damn. Whoever came up with this "date" crap should be thrown into the street and shot.

Perhaps my problem is my string of first-dates, instead of periodic dates with the same person. Unfortunately, my first dates are so damn bad, I cannot conceive of going on a second one, should the person from date 1 invite me out again. I don't think this is my fault. Maybe it is, but it's more difficult to tell because I have trouble pinpointing exactly where the date "goes wrong." Actually, in most cases, I think the date goes wrong before it even begins, because the person should never have asked me out in the first place. I want to ask them, as you ask an actor, "What's your motivation?" I really want to know.

My first contestant in the big Southern dating game was James. A student and as-yet unpublished author of science fiction novels, I met him as I

meet most people, at a coffee shop. He was hanging out with a friend of mine and we all settled down for a fine chat on literature. Frankly, I wanted to bang the friend far more than I ever wanted to bang James, but isn't that just my luck.

Anyway, I started running into James on campus. Maybe I just didn't notice him before

we met, but I'm guessing he started hanging out in front of the library a lot more once he knew I practically lived there. And then I ran into him at 11 o'clock pm on a Wednesday. We're talking and

talking and all of a sudden I'm being talked into a bite at his apartment. Let's say I'm dumb but I'm not that dumb. I know better than to go back to a guy's apartment at what is now 12:30 on a Thursday morning. So what can I do? I take a raincheck. And the next day I find myself with a free lunch at a table for two with someone who has at some point in the past 12 hours taken to calling me honey. Now, in the south it's okay to call someone you're not eating out in a Biblical sense "honey" but still, this is not okay by me. And if you call me honey while engaging in a conversation about the secrets of the clitoris, I am even more not okay. So I did what any

other scared girl does when she's on a date with someone she doesn't like. I started talking about how much I love the ladies and how soon it will be that men are no longer necessary for the act of procreation. James never called again. But hey, I see him around and we talk about reading. Lots of Sappho.

**Now, in the south
it's okay to call
someone you're
not eating out in
a Biblical sense
"honey" but still,
this is not okay
by me.**

Contestant number 2 is Trisha, or Susan depending on where you meet her. She works at a coffee shop instead of patronizing one, and only drinks chai. So far, so good.

Employed, not completely caffeine addicted, and I have very little doubt in my mind as to her dykeyness. I chat her up at the coffee shop for a couple weeks and everything seems to be going okay. She's super nice and goes to UofL. She wants to be an art teacher. Hot shit. So I finally run into her on campus one day and she's sweet enough to invite me to lunch. Scarily enough, we go to the same place I went to with James. Things go a little downhill at this point. Conversation is okay at first, but then I drink my first RedBull ever and my energy level goes through the roof. I cannot stop

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PROPAGANDA VS. FACT

would give them money for food, have helped to create refugee camps for them. What is going on in Israel is just another excuse to hate and kill Jews.

Everywhere in the Middle East, Saudi Arabians, Syrians, Palestinians, etc are taught to hate Jews. John says by textbook definition Israeli expansion is colonialism. Well, by textbook definition, in Arabic schools it is written that a good Jew is a dead Jew. There have been no Israeli textbooks found encouraging Palestinian bloodshed, simply because they don't exist. Palestinians are taught to hate. In Nablu, there was an exhibition celebrating the death of fifteen Israelis and the dozens of people wounded on August 9, 2001 by a suicide bomber who detonated his bomb in a Sbarro pizza restaurant. In the entrance of the exhibition was a Sbarro banner with bloody hand prints. The

exhibit was comprised of several rooms where there were body parts and pizza strewn across the room. The walls were painted red. Another room was full of pictures of martyrs holding a Koran in their hands, and another room showed a Palestinian boy hiding behind a rock, and an image of an Orthodox man. There was a taped recording of the boy saying "O believer, there is a Jewish man behind me. Come and kill him." That is what is truly sickening, John.

Of course there are curfews, checkpoints, and troops of soldiers in Palestinian villages. Every time troops pull out, there are more attacks and suicide bombers the next day. If they wanted peace, they would not go on killing sprees after the soldiers leave. The Palestinians are crying that soldiers kill them; stop suicide bombers, and the soldiers will not have to reenter

their towns. Many Israelis believe that Palestinians should have their own state, that the territories should be returned to them. But how can they? Giving back the territories when Palestinians continue to kill gives the message that violence is the answer.

It is Israel's duty to defend their country. If they don't, nobody will. Israeli soldiers start the army at 18. They are children who must abruptly grow up. They don't have the privilege to go to college and philosophize about war. Everyday they are faced with fear. Those at the checkpoints are not there for pleasure. Oded, an Israeli who has just finished his service, told me how he cringed everytime he had to check cars and papers, and witness the intense hate in peoples' eyes. In Israel, war is not debatable. When provoked, Israel must fight for survival.

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SEX IN THE SOUTH

talking. Or smiling. Or laughing like a fucking idiot. And then she asks the question, "how old are you?" Well, I was nineteen at the time but only for a few more weeks, so I round out and say twenty. Well... turns out she's twenty-eight. I think that's my second strike. Anyway... we call it a day and I give her my number out of hopeless optimism and I figure, that's it, fuck it.

After a week, she calls. She's making chicken pot pie and would I like to come over for dinner at her house. Well hot damn, wouldn't I. A home-

cooked meal and a cute chick. Nope, I'm not complaining. Another friend, Dorothy is coming over, but that's okay. I figure hey, I'm being screened. That's cool.

Get this. I get to her house, everything's great, fabulous, whatever, and all of a sudden, Dorothy and Trisha start talking about Mike. Who the heck is Mike? Turns out, Mike is Trisha's husband. Husband. Whom she has not mentioned in the many hours we have spent talking. Right. Who's confused? Yup, that's me. She still flirts constantly when

I see her on campus and recently, she invited herself out to dinner with me. I want to kick her little repressed ass into next week.

There have been more dates and more awfulness, but I have totally run out of space. Let's just say that the only ass I've gotten since I got home I had to fly a thousand miles to get. It was worth it, but hot damn, people are always telling me to go with local goods, and I think they're right. But the Louisville produce department leaves so much to be desired.



HAMPSHIRE AT 50 STILL NEEDS STUDENTS

On Saturday, November 16, a workshop was held for members of the current and past Hampshire community. The title and focus of the workshop was Hampshire at 50. The primary exercise of the workshop was to brainstorm and come to some kind of consensus about what needed to change – what we'd like to see Hampshire become – in the next 20 or so years. Right up front I will say that my workgroup was great, and I enjoyed hearing everyone's comments and perspectives. We were able to come to a consensus on every issue and discuss reasons why we felt certain changes needed to be made. Of course, in the process we also discussed the problems that would be encountered along the way.

I have no idea why I was invited. When I subtly dropped hints here and there, to whom ever I happened to be talking to, mentioning the fact that my being invited to attend was a mystery, no answers presented themselves. Either folks didn't know or didn't want to tell me. That being said, I complain too much about Hampshire and how things are moving ahead (or not) to have passed up the opportunity.

From my point of view, there simply weren't enough students present. There were a lot of groups, and in mine, which was full, there were only two students. I got the impression that the only students there for the workshop were those who received, literally, written invitations. Obviously, for something like this, there needed to be some control over who attended. Having 300 students

show up to be placed in small workgroups would have been a logistical nightmare. I would guess, though, that there were fewer than 35 students. My heart says less than 20, but I'm erring on the optimistic side.

Workgroup 23 consisted of myself, Lee Spector, Bob Birney, the former dean of SS, Elaine Thomas, Lise Sanders, and another student, Bonnie. We all seemed to agree that Hampshire needed to maintain a reputation for academic and intellectual advancement. What struck me, when all the little groups shared their ideas, was the emphasis on maintaining and elevating the reputation of Hampshire. Fundamentally, every group seemed to recognize the need for more money, which means more graduates, which means higher retention and on and on until, ultimately, it came down to the need for students.

This should be no surprise. We all live in the world, and we all know that money opens more doors than it closes. Some folks on this campus may not like that, on the whole, and I'm one of them. But until I can go to the movies and pay with my stunning character and dubious good looks, I'm bringing five bucks. The same thing applies to the school as an institution, although the trustees aren't going to spring for us to go see this week's blockbuster. If Hampshire wants to move farther up the academic reputation ladder, it's going to cost money.

The money, some of it, comes from us. I hesitate to say "most" because I'm not terribly sure how

much money Hampshire may get from outside patrons of the college who never sent their children here or attended themselves. Hampshire gets some money from grants and so forth, but in the long run it may be as simple as to say that more students = more money. Specifically, more graduates = more money. I make the distinction because the administration has come out repeatedly stating that the school won't be expanding enrollment.

So if the school needs to keep students around 'til they become Hampshire graduates, steps need to be taken. The new first year plan, with all the controversy surrounding it, is one step in a long process that has been evolving since hour zero, day one, year one, Hampshire standard time. Personally, I don't think it's a stretch to say that the administration views this year's group of first years as the golden children, assuring a long and prosperous future for the school. What amazes me is that for all the trouble I had with my Division 1s, and for all the trouble everyone I know has had, there isn't one older student I know who thinks that the new first year plan is a good idea. As a whole, older students are viewing the shift as a negative one, not only for the future of the school, but for the students already enrolled and participating in it. And it isn't that older students view the change jealously. Nearly every point made against the new plan by an older student that I've spoken to believes that the quality of the

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have been on probation. Now that I think about it, I don't know anyone who has kept a four-class regimen up to their Div III. Making matters worse is the requirement to take a class in every school. My first semester I took four classes in four schools, and it sucked to mentally switch gears so often. I know it's good to be well-rounded, that is the very nature of the liberal arts, but requirements like this would be more likely to burn me than turn me on to anything

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG

new. And considering how vague the schools are, you can get a pretty broad education in just one of them. In SS, for example, you might find a class without the words "race", "power", "gender", or "family" in the title.

There's value in taking fewer classes. Everyone has their own way of studying, and recognizing that is supposed to be Hampshire's forte. Kicking people out if they're not up to speed their first year isn't going to cut down

on people coasting and dropping out later, it's going to lock out people who otherwise might have been able to adjust. As a friend recently pointed out to me, maybe the people who drop out of Hampshire just didn't want to be in college at all. After all, they did apply to Hampshire.

This article badly needs some editing, but this Div III video game isn't going to program itself.



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education at Hampshire is being eroded.

The administration hasn't quite made its intentions clear to current students in this regard. Do they care about the students who are already here beyond the money they're worth if they graduate? Administrators swear up and down that they do. I believe them. But part of making happy alumni is making happy students, long before they become alumni. This shift of policy and the myriad issues surrounding it (registration, housing, availability of appropriate classes), are really alienating the students who are already here. The only people who seemed to see this and comment on it at the Hampshire at 50 workshop were, well, the students. With all the looking to the future, current students seem to be in the college's blind spot.

As a thank you for attending the workshop, participants were invited to a dinner that evening. This wasn't all-community dinner fare, this was rack of lamb. We were all assigned named tables, and our names were on the

napkin rings so we would know where to sit. Not really knowing what kind of dinner this would be, (maybe I just didn't think about it as much as a should have), I wore what I had been wearing all day. Somebody in a suit and tie made a comment in my direction about how folks really seem to clean up for these things. Later I saw the same gentleman sitting in the trustees section of the dinner.

The name of the table I was assigned to was Community Garden. Of the 8 or so people who were supposed to sit there, only one other guy and I showed. He was with a friend, so that made three of us. None of the tables that seemed to be designated as student tables were full. The three of us at the Community Garden table were invited to join another table, but as there were only two seats really available, I jumped ship to another table entirely, leaving the Community Garden table to be cleared by the caterers and left empty for the duration of the evening.

With so few students there

in the morning, and fewer at the dinner, I felt particularly disenfranchised with the day. The dinner wasn't for the students. It was pretty obvious that the dinner was for the trustees. I was in the back corner of the RCC with the rest of the students, and had we not jumped the line, so to speak, we would have been served dead last. Of course, Greg Prince and a few of his favorites were allowed to be served first. I wasn't surprised.

The divide between the trustees, the President's Office, the faculty, staff and finally the students must be rectified first. If there is to be any worth while institution to attend in twenty years, students are going to have to be given the opportunity, or create one, to be heard and respected as people and not the bottom of some sort of corporate structure.

If Hampshire's goal is to produce good, intellectual people, not simply graduates, there needs to be a stronger emphasis on students at all levels.





GEEK LOVE

(Note: This article has been stewing on my computer for some time now. Let the ranting commence.)

Imagine walking into an unnamed dorm hallway—dark, because someone has taken it upon himself to bash all the lights out. There's trash everywhere, along with popcorn and ground-in Chee-tos. The refuse on the floor is ok, though, as it muffles the crunch your shoes make on the omnipresent broken glass. A look into the restroom reveals vomit in the sink and whole rolls of toilet paper soaking in the toilet. Good thing you have your radio handy—this phone have been ripped out of the wall and pulverized. And hey, is that shit smeared on the walls? Why of course! Others may have used chocolate or mud, but the dedicated denizen who created this reached deep down inside to express himself, apparently in a language only he or she can read. You can't spend too much time cleaning this, though, as you have to sandblast graffiti lovingly adorning the Art Barn in permanent marker.

Overwork, thy name is Phys. Plant. Between garbage bag removal, vacuuming, routine maintenance, cleaning up shard-strewn post-party wastelands, replacing the odd mattress a student deems unfit to sleep on, removing graffiti, landscaping, and replacing windows, the workers have their

hands full to juggling. Yet, any conversational aside about the laziness of Phys. Plant is likely to be met with assenting nods and grunts, and maybe an anecdote about how they took FOREVER to take your old mattress away. I have a theory, chums: Phys. Plant would be much more accommodating to your requests if you would stop acting like shithouse rats. Every

time you punch through, every phone you rip out of the wall means more hours Phys. Plant won't be available to deliver something or help you set up an event. More to the point, every bottle you shatter on the ground and piece of furniture you demolish brings the patient Phys. Planters one more step closer to plunging a putty knife in your eye as you head to the bathroom for that rare shower. (I'm just kidding. Phys. Plant would never do that—why create a 100lbs-plus more waste to dispose of?)

Now, pretend you're walking into the midst of a swinging Hampshire party. So swinging, in fact, that it received several noise complaints and you were called to shut it down. Walking through the teeming revelers, you notice that several clusters, in baseball caps and rugby shirts, look a little out of place.

FRIENDS OF P.

Still others, (making allowances for typical human variations in size) seem WAY to fucking young to attend this school. Doing some quick estimations in your head, you deduce that either this is the most well-attended Hampshire party in history, or there are a shitload of people with no business here. You ask everyone to please disperse. In response, a bottle

I have a theory, chums: Phys. Plant would be much more accommodating to your requests if you would stop acting like shithouse rats.

tossed from behind wobbles through the air and strikes you in the back of the head. An ultraviolet spark blossoms behind your eyes, and the last thing

you see before you lose consciousness is a preteen holler- ing and shrieking that ohmigod myfriends in the bathroom and you gotta help her...

The Hampshire College Department of Public Safety is one of the more unpopular groups of Hampshire's staff. In Hampshire's Bizarro-bubble, it's easy to see why. They exist to keep you safe. It's a simple duty, but almost impossible to fulfill on a campus where the main forms of entertainment are radically altering one's brain chemistry and property destruction. The more Marxist among us may argue that their chief duty is the protection of school property— but hey, I'm fine with

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that. In fact, the most severe criticism I've heard of the Pubs is that they aren't nice. Well, fuck. They don't kiss your ass, is all. Officers I've met and interacted with have never been anything but firm and polite. That's firm, not fascist— how spoiled and egocentric do you have to be to interpret "I'm closing the building now, please leave" as "Outta my way, asshole?"

I fully endorse equipping Public Safety with everything they need or could ever want. Sprays, gases (including whatever they used in that Moscow theater), knives, guns, tasers, nets, rubber bullets, mines, flamethrowers, grenades, shuriken... and the authority to use them should the need arise. They should also be granted broader powers of arrest and detention— hell, I wouldn't mind if they joined the Amherst Police Department proper. To increase their visibility on campus, we could have a COPS style show, PUBS- we could show it on INTRAN. The cool thing is, chances of someone you know showing up on PUBS are much greater.

It might go something like this:

Officer: Well, it's like any other job— you learn to take it one day at a time.

Radio: Unit one, we got a call of a suspicious person loitering outside the tavern, copy?

Officer: Base, This is unit one responding.

(Arrives on scene. Young, disheveled fellow (Scum) walking in a small, crooked circle)

Scum: (whispering) G o t t a w a l k w a l k walkbordersofmyuniverswalk-keepkeepkeepitopen

Officer: Base, Unit one on scene. Found suspect, judging from behavior and strange odor, he's possibly intoxicated or under the influence of illegal drugs. (Shines flashlight into Scum's face, revealing two pinprick pupils). Base, substance abuse symptoms confirmed.

Taking appropriate action. (Reaches into his belt, pulling out a Guardian Personal Security Products "Alaskan Magnum%" pepper spray canister, spritzing Scum.)

Scum: AAAAAAARGHH- HHH!!! Fucking Pigs!!!

Officer: No, actually this is for bears. Into the back with you.

(Slams Scum's head against the vehicle hood, then tosses him in the backseat.)

It's make for even better viewing than that Omen TV (no relation) show they had awhile back...

Many faculty members would support an extension of Public Safety's powers, as they choose to live on campus— again, if you would indulge in a flight of fancy—

You're an overworked Hampshire professor, trying desperately to make sense of a stack of papers. The assignment was to explore some aspect of the Cold War, and of the less than half the students in class who turned it in on time, less than half of those are coherent enough to merit serious criticism. Oh look, here's one that's simply the word "COMMIE" writ-

ten in ketchup. Well, the papers aren't going to evaluate themselves, better get crackin'—

"I RE-MEM-BER, WHEN WE USED TO SIT"

Oh fucking hell, the dorms. Someone's either having a party, or

"IN THE GOVERNMENT YARD IN TRENCH-TOWN..."

just deciding to share their musical taste with the rest of campus.

"AND GEOR-GEEEE WOULD MAKE THE FI-YER LIGHT."

You can't stand another verse... You call Pubs.

(1 minute later) "HEY LITTLE SISTER, DON'T SHED NO WHOMP"

And the ear-splitting, grindingly familiar Marley music is silenced, for now, by a judicious burst from a Public Safety flamethrower.

Oh, I almost forgot about the life-saving sidekicks of the Pubs, the EMTs. They are all fine people. Please don't take their bikes for joyrides or call them for stupid shit. One 36-hour shift bandaging toe-stubbing subhumans too many, and next time you may just get a tossed roll of gauze and a "Good Luck!" hollered your way.

Hmm... And lay off Saga while you're at it. You try cooking in volume for a bunch of picky pricks. Let's see you offer a hot entrée a hot vegan entrée, (both with sides) a salad bar, a pasta bar, cereals, soups, and a sandwich station. Good luck, sumbitch



WHAT'S IT GONNA BE: THE INTERNET, OR YOUR BANK ACCOUNT?

by Joseph "Lemmy" Rosenbaum

In 1991, a new force was introduced to the world, of such power, such magnitude, that it had to be broken into twelve tangible parts, each taking the form of a paperback book with vaguely humorous names like "Double Trouble" and "Doors to Doom". At first these gems could be easily found; a person could get one for free by mailing in three Pringles proofs of purchase. But gradually they became lost, forgotten, only occasionally spotted at the back of a dusty library shelf or at the odd garage sale...

On the Internet. I suddenly remembered these books, a few of which I managed to find through my library years ago. Although they were horribly mangled, with pencil marks on every page, I have very fond memories of these books. In fact, it's safe to say they had at least a small effect on the way I am today. What's so great about these books? Ten of them feature myself and my alleged brothers and sister... and yes, the Super Marios as well. And years after reading three of them, I would write and start my own site...

Furthermore, these books aren't like every other book, which you read straight from cover to cover. As the introduction says, "sometimes you have to go backward to go forward." These are choose-your-own adventures, which means you have to make a choice every few pages based on what the characters tell you, or from the

results of the puzzle you must solve. Make the wrong choice and you could get GAME OVER! But, make the right choice, and you could save the day. I prefer GAME OVER because I don't want to defeat myself.

I knew I needed these books and, thanks to the power that is the Internet, I was promptly able to find three on eBay. Three auctions, three books, three bucks each... a steal! Or so I thought, for the next day, when I came back to check how my auctions were going, I discovered that I had been outbid on all three, by the same guy. Now this guy must REALLY be an avid Mario fan. He's so in to Mario, he actually bid on a book he already owns. No, seriously! I checked out his history to see if he'd bought any other cool Mario stuff, and found he'd actually already won the book in another auction. But I digress.

I raised my bids. Five dollars, six dollars, was it really worth it? No, six bucks per book was too much, and I went to breakfast. But as I ate my apple, banana, and whatever other junk, I had a change of heart. I remembered how much I had liked the books, even considered the notion of scanning them onto my site...

After breakfast, I went back to work... looking for deals, that is! I found another auction, a package deal, featuring three of the books including one of the three I'd been outbid on. I decided to bid on the package and forget that one separate book... but not the two other

books. I bid higher. Ten dollars each, twelve, this was getting ridiculous, but I couldn't stop. Eighteen, nineteen, finally! For nineteen dollars each, I had the highest bid for the two books. The package auction wouldn't close for three days, way too long for my liking.

I thought I was done for the day, but I was wrong, oh so wrong. Having expired my options on eBay, I looked elsewhere, finally ending up on Amazon, where I found some more of the books very well hidden. To my good fortune, the five Mario books not represented on eBay were all to be found from third party sellers at a reasonable price; the ones I had bid on were very expensive, going as high as fifty bucks each. I picked up the remaining five books and was very happy... except about the hidden shipping charges, which hit me hard because each book was coming from a different place.

The net result? I got all ten books, and they're coming by various shipping companies as I write this... but I'm down over one hundred fifty bucks for the lot of them. Was it really worth it? Maybe...

Moral: The Internet is far more expensive than the simple cost of the dial tone and computer itself. Use it for long, and you're bound to buy stuff that you certainly don't need and may not even really want. Be careful, and whatever you do, don't enable one click shopping.



WHY HATE CRIMES LAWS PISS ME OFF

by Jon Wible, contributor

People on this campus always claim to "stand up" for First Amendment Rights; Freedom of Speech (pornography, flag burning); Separation of Church and State in all of its forms. These same people however support so called hate crimes law, which doesn't lie under the First Amendment (which is there to protect whatever you may choose to say) because Hate Crime laws limit that which you think.

A crime is just a crime, I don't care what his or her reasoning behind it was. Mathew Sheppard was a prime example in that he was tortured and murdered seemingly all because of his sexual orientation. While description of his demise was gruesome by all accounts, this was no more (in fact I would consider less) disturbing than the sick fuck that goes out and tortures and kills people for no reason other than a bad hair day. While the motivation could be homophobia, or racism, anti-Semitism or any other list of things the crime committed was the same crime. When you start to figure in motivation to sentencing you are limiting those persons ability to think freely, even if you disagree. For example during the time when there was a slave trade in America, and there were a select few white Americans who were willing to facilitate in the Underground Railroad and were caught. They would be brought up in court on charges of common theft and sentenced in accordance with that crime. But if it could be shown in court that he was not doing this for financial gain, or anger at the owner or anything

else but the hatred of the practice of slavery, would it then be right to bring him up on a charge, that his motivation was that which the majority (at the time) didn't agree with. Then should he have been punished more severely? I hope not.

The only reasonable defense I have heard thus far in support of the legislation was that while normal crimes are committed against a person, "a Hate Crime is committed against a *specific* [his emphasis] community." The person went on to explain how the Mathew Sheppard incident made homosexuals in the surrounding communities afraid to leave their houses etc., and therefore those responsible should not only be made to pay for the life taken but the fear created in the community. My initial response was that most crimes by that definition are Hate Crimes, if someone shoots my neighbor, or even someone down the street, than I am afraid. But this was not specific enough. My response, in wake of the recent sniper shootings in DC was to ask if, in terrorizing several specific communities the Snipings were by his definition Hate Crimes. Someone in the room who was from the DC area agreed with me but the argument didn't seem to win any hearts or minds. I realize now a better analogy; let's take serial rape. Someone goes around a community, and picks up (more or less) random women, rapes them and kills them. The women of this community are then scared out of their wits to leave their homes and understandably so. Women from a great distance feel this

fear as well. The courts however treat these incidents as individual crimes with individual victims. Is this not a Hate Crime, if so why not? In fact the line between a crime and a hate crime is simply where you draw the arbitrary line of those who are protected and those who are not. Why should one be drawn?

The only aspect of Hate Crime Laws that I disagree with but I have a hard time making a case for is that which deals with so called "Hate" graffiti. First problem is that I have my reservation. I think it is in our society's best interest to have harsher punishments for vandalism of graves, and churches, temples and mosques. Even as an agnostic with no belief in the holiness of a corpse I understand that we as human beings have always given great importance to the memory of the dead, and to religion in general. What is sacred should not be desecrated. My second problem the only case I can make is relatively weak, and even though I strongly believe that Hate Graffiti law is just as inane as the rest of Hate Crime law, it's the best case I can come up with. However let us take a simple example, that of a bathroom stall. A swastika spray-painted in a bathroom as opposed to "Mike Rules" written with a sharpie is an easy distinction to make, as to which is worse. One is an attempt to cause fear in a certain group of people, the other an inane prank of sorts. My argument here, and I know few will agree with me, is that they too are the same crime. A bathroom stall is conceptually

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RESPONSE TO A RESPONSE

John Wible's "A Response" (in the previous issue of the Omen) takes the discussion of Israeli-Palestinian issues solidly into the realm of pseudo-information and callousness. Claiming an expertise based on "two 300 level papers" and then filling an article with outright inaccuracies and ignorance is not a responsible way to present a subject (to say nothing of what it implies about our academic standards).

Should we be expected to trust an article purporting to be written by someone who has "done [his] homework", but reports Israel's becoming a state in 1947 (Israel became a state in 1948) and discusses a "Balfour Declaration" [sic] (the Balfour Declaration was a letter written on November 2nd 1917 by Lord Balfour to Lord Rothschild representing the British government's position)? Granting the benefit of the doubt, these mistakes were probably the result of lack of editing not ignorance, however, this lack of editing makes a clear statement about the author's respect for the topic and his audience. Telling your audience something happened in the "30's or 40's" [emphasis added] is not doing your homework. Unfortunately his mistakes are not limited to this sort of thing, Wible claims that under the hard to spell Balfour declaration "Jewish immigration [to British Palestine] was severely limited, then in the 30's or 40's the doors were let open to a great number of Jewish immigrants who came during and after WWII". The Balfour Declaration was in fact a document expressing "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people", and certainly did not limit

immigration. However, in 1939, presumably around the time Wible has doors being opened, a British White Paper *did* severely limit immigration; a "great number" of legal immigrants was not received until the State of Israel was founded. Frustratingly, despite his clear ignorance on the subject, Wible arrogantly presents his research as the barometer by which information is to be judged: "[Jesse Weinberg] also states that Husayni who was a Nazi supporter was a 'Palestinian Leader'. In all of my research I've never seen his name, but need- less to say the term 'leader' is a bit ambiguous." Is this the way to consider an issue? A topic unfamiliar to the author isn't even given the credit of being researched but is instead semantically wiggled away (I thought Clinton was a pretty good President, but I hope this part of his legacy is lost). Had he bothered to do his research the author would have found that Haj Amin al Husayni became the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem and the President of the Supreme Muslim Council, both lifetime positions, in 1922. In 1936 he became head of the Arab Higher Committee. At a 1939 Arab-Jewish conference called by the British, Husayni represented the Arabs; he rejected the resulting White Paper because it specified that he could *no longer be the Arab leader*. Of course, this British demand meant nothing to him; after meeting with Eichmann, Ribbentrop and Hitler, and establishing the 13th Waffen SS Division and Jansenovac death camp in Yugoslavia, Husayni fled to Egyptian controlled Gaza in 1945 and served in the "All Palestine Government". He was certainly both a leader and a Nazi. Are we really expected to

believe anything the article presents as fact?

Even more disturbing than Wible's molestation of history, is his callous tone regarding the loss of human life. Wible equates murder with "fighting for dignity" (all the while loudly if unconvincedly claiming not to justify this murder). Sympathy with the motives of murderers is debatable, but claiming that "[w]ith no security and no way to secure yourself, one can only imagine you in that situation would strike back" [referring to "the indiscriminate acts of Hamas, PFLP, or the Martyr's Brigade"] is so disgusting it is difficult to quote. Are we so twisted that this is our accepted method of "striking back"? Fortunately, Hamas, the PFLP, and the Martyr's Brigade do not represent the whole world (nor do they represent the entire Palestinian people despite Wible's implication). The piece concludes with: "get upset when a Palestinian suicide bomber walks into a religious celebration and kills a few dozen but please don't only see one side of the issue. For every one Israeli who dies, some dozen Palestinians die...". Besides yet again showing his lack of knowledge, unless he means fewer than three when he writes "some dozen", Wible displays his contempt for human life as anything beyond a statistic. A human tragedy is reduced to a game of numbers, 'Try to collect the most victim points'. To talk in the language of "kills a few dozen" is so amazingly flip and disrespectful as to be mind-boggling. I truly hope that these were not the authors intentions and I urge you all to realize we are talking about real people not conducting a slogan-ified debate.



Freddie Mercury may have been a little weird in his love for fat bottomed girls, but he had it right when he wrote the words that defined my last week. With the Hampshire spirit, midway the song enters a crescendo of bell ringing, but in truth it is about one thing and one thing only. Freddie, I too "want to ride my bicycle." And who ever you were Dr. Borrowedwithoutaskington. I think you should know a little more about my alabaster run down *De Luxe*. Maybe then you'll know a little more about me.

De and I first met last May in the oily show room of the Hampshire Bicycle exchange. I can't say it was love at first sight, the rusty gleam of her spokes did not catch my eye at first. At the time, I needed someone new. I was coming off of a fresh breakup and curse me for saying so, but *De's* white slender frame seemed like the solution. I moved fast and it wasn't long before I was riding her. I pinched certain parts of her anatomy testing their suppleness. I had a match. While I won't be as trivial as to discuss what I paid, she was more than affordable, and not cheap.

My new friend helped get me through tough times when I thought I'd be going home alone. And through days when I believed no

"WANT TO GO FOR A RIDE/ SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME"

one would wait for me. She was a companion, the entity that filled the void.

Curse my insolence! There were nights when I left her outside. Sometimes in the rain. I figured the little bit of green she had on would take care of her. I was careless, and now I know.

Then came the day of neglect, left in the cold in front of FPH. I said

**I wish I had kissed her
goodbye. I choose not
to lock her up. Maybe
I believed she should
be free. That feeling
has departed.**

I would only be a minute. I wish I had kissed her goodbye. I choose not to lock her up. Maybe I believed she should be free. That feeling has departed.

Who am I to ask for pity? For as I passed the threshold I let a platitude be my motto: Out of Sight, Out of Mind. You, *De*, were both. Taken and forgotten. Or maybe you were forgotten and then taken.

I, the inattentive owner, waited days before embarking on a reconnaissance. The mission failed. The mods a labyrinth of confusion and asbestos. I searched, lacka-

daistically, and found not you nor your trace.

And yet this story has the Hollywood ending.

Adulterer! I hold no grudge. Because it wasn't my bicycle's purity I sought, it was her company. You may have used her, but she was once used before. I'm glad she came back. In all honesty, I thank you with a genuine smile. She was returned the next week, undamaged, appreciated.

Alas, there is one I am less fond of: the robber. On that morning of negligence, *De* was treated like a nobody. She was left unlocked. But it was the day she came back, when my heart was broken.

It was then I that gave her my ring, put it on, showed I care. Though chaste, another made a second cuckold out of me. That borrower showed utter disregard for our relationship. It had sanctity once, and now my bike wears scarlet.

Freddie said "I want to ride my bicycle." Only that can only be fantasy now. Someone, blind to the spirit of Bohemian Rhapsody, broke my lock. Is there another to say this? My key won't go in!

I want you to know I write this alone. I'm glad I was able to bring you some happiness. Why did it have to come at the expense of my own?



continued from page 17

WHY HATE CRIME LAWS...

a free carrier in that anything can be written, no ones views can be quieted, silenced or denied. Furthermore preventing a viewpoint from being expressed will not change the fact that somewhere in the general public that viewpoint is held. I argue that a community presented with cases of hateful graffiti could promote tolerance and open dialogue as opposed to just denying that viewpoint exists. While it is still vandalism that can be prosecuted in court, it should not be punished more severely simply because the extent to which it was found distasteful by the proprietor, judge, jury, or public at large. It is just graffiti and should be treated as such. But I'm always up for discussion.





Beth sez GRRR!

by Beth Day, columnist

I'm sure plenty of people are going to write this issue about how Hampshire is going to hell, so I'll reserve my bitterness this issue. I still have a hard time understanding how the administration/faculty can allow a lot of this shit to happen, and who they're fooling continuing to call this college an alternative/experimental liberal arts college. This isn't the college I went to anymore, and thus they'll never get any money out of me (except NS, I love NS). I wonder how many alumni they're wooing for the Campaign to Endow Hampshire's Future know the direction Hampshire is headed and how much current students are being shafted. Damn isn't there some kid of underground network of alumni we can reach out to try and incite their righteous rage?

I guess the most frustrating thing about everything that's been happening is a complete realization how little voice students hold at this school. Community Council was castrated long before I ever got here. There are still students on the many various committees, but I'm not sure how much those students are ever listened to. I was attracted to this college because I was given the impression of a college in touch with the needs and wants of its students because they had to be. I guess I was wrong. I feel powerless. I feel angrier than I've ever felt in my life, not so much even about the decisions that are made but HOW they're made. Like I and other students don't matter. I didn't go to a large school because I didn't ever want to have to feel this way. I feel

BITTER B-DAY

powerless as I watch all that made this college such a unique and different place go down the drain.

I'm going to stop now, because thinking more about this only makes me angrier.

On another note, I'll be turning 21 on the day this issue would have come out if it weren't for Thanksgiving. November 29th. I love it when my birthday is the day after Thanksgiving now, I didn't used to because it was a pain in the ass to plan birthday parties around. Now my birthday is the biggest shopping day of the year. So this year I'm going to drown my sorrows in shopping all day, probably not buying anything but Christmas presents for other people, then I'm going to come home and drown my sorrows in the traditional birthday party foods, and then me and my cousin will go out and drown our sorrows in a few drinks. Ahh...shopping, chocolate cake, and a few girlie drinks with my closest female friend in the world who also happens to be my cousin. Thanksgiving is shaping up to be especially emotionally draining this year, so it will be twice as appropriate.

I do, by the way, spend most money I get for my birthday on people's Christmas presents. I can't help it. The biggest cost drain I have at that time is Christmas shopping, so that's where it goes. Maybe this is why seeing Christmas decorations at the mall before my birthday makes me so bitter. If anyone can think of a good present for my

23-year-old brother, let me know. He's always the hardest to buy presents for. He also gets me some of the best presents for Christmas, so I feel twice as guilty about not knowing what to get him.

I went out to dinner with Matthew to Bertucci's. During our conversation I decided that the 9 times table is my favorite times table:

09, 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81, 90

Isn't it just incredibly cool first how all the digits of each number add up to nine? Second, it's really cool that the second half of numbers are just the first half backwards. Finally, the first digit counts from 0 to 9, while the second digit counts down to zero. There couldn't be an easier table to remember in third grade.

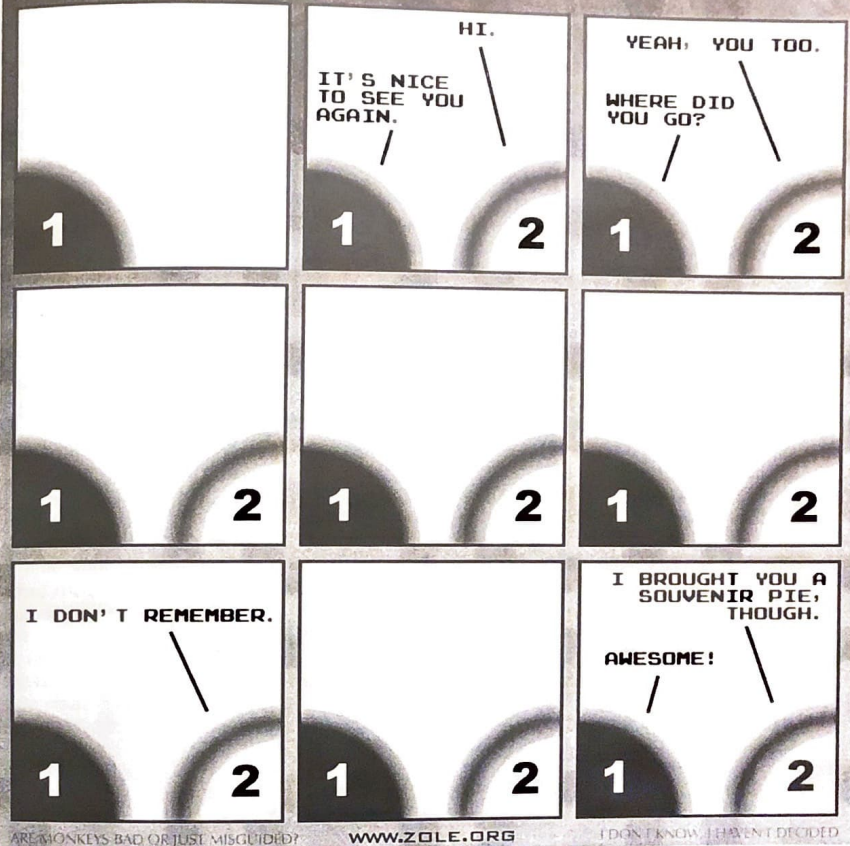
I hope people will vote for someone cool for commencement speaker that won't leave me feeling awful about myself. While all the horrible stuff going on in our country really is damned horrible, I want my graduation to be more of an inspiring or amusing event. Graduation is hard enough as it is already, I don't need someone depressing me further on this occasion. I'm really into the poets and singers. I'm even into political poets and singers. But not just politics. And regardless of who it ends up being, I just hope it's someone who won't make my grandmother cry.

Finally, Laura, yeah, I know. I was just very angry and bitter last time and I just went off. I

Continued on next page

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLII

by M. Zole



ARE MONKEYS BAD OR JUST MISGUIDED?

WWW.ZOLE.ORG

I DON'T KNOW, I HAVEN'T DECIDED

continued from previous page

actually did remember you my lovelies getting so involved in the Slam Collective after the Omen was all laid out. I don't know everything, and I regreted a lot of my harshness after I had cooled down. There is however something different about the culture of this school. It's not just the younger classes. It seems we're all more apathetic and just let things happen that we shouldn't. The isolation of first years from the older classes is something I blame on the new first year plan not you guys. I think they're afraid if you talk to us we'll lead you down our dark evil path. So I'm sorry...I wish I thought better when I was angry. Thank you for sending in an article and setting the record straight. F2-E2 love forever.





Section ZOLE



FELL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL

While I was casting about for an article topic, a friend introduced me to a little game called *True Love*. Believe me when I say that *True Love* is easily the best game in the history of interactive digital entertainment. Now stop believing me, because it's not.

True Love is a dating simulation. It's certainly not unique in that regard, as dating simulators are very popular in Japan. I had never played a dating simulator before *True Love*, but I

If you're playing a dating simulator. It is safe to assume you are not big pimpin' in real life.

had heard things. Part *Final Fantasy*, part *Choose Your Own Adventure*, dating sims put you (implicitly a male) into real-life situations and force you to interact with girls. "Force" seems like a strong word, but it's true: the screen shows you a static background overlaid with a more or less static woman, and you read line after line of dialog. Occasional multiple-

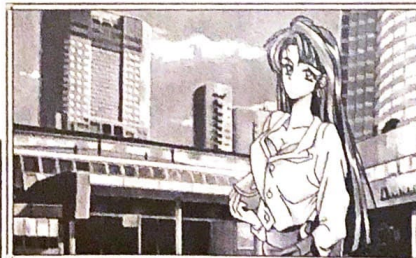
choice options provide the game-play, such as it is. Make the right responses, and you'll get closer to the girl, but if you're lacking in charm and tact, your in-game character will end up alone. Just like you. Let's face it, if you're playing a dating simulator, it is safe to assume you are not big pimpin' in real life.

For each day in *True Love*, you choose activities for day, evening, and night. You can choose from things like attending classes, studying, exercising, working a part-time job, exploring your sensitive side through art, and of course, kickin' back. These are all non-interactive and presented as little looped animations of your character, say, painting, accompanied with a slogan like "I feel calm when I'm drawing". Most of the girl interaction comes spontaneously between these segments. The way you spend your time affects

your stats.

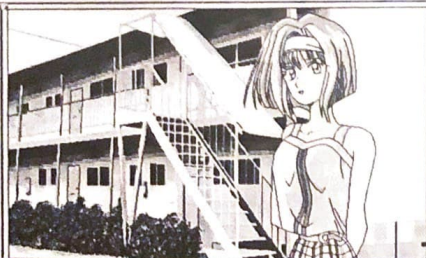
Let me back up: you have stats. These rank things like "scholarship", "fatigue", "appearance", "physical strength", and of course, money. I guess theoretically this stuff affects your chances with the ladies, but it's hard to tell; your agency within the game is decidedly limited. Sometimes girls sort of show up, and an exchange of dialog follows, and if you're lucky you get a choice of what to say at some point, but the choices are often bizarre. Early in the game a childhood friend of yours asks if you like her or not. Your choices are, and I quote: "[Like] [Hate] [Want to have sex]". And unlike real life, these are mutually exclusive choices.

The part of the game I'm a bit iffy on is the nudity. Just in case you want your porn to be as frustrating as your dating, *True Love* rewards you with sex scenes if you do well enough. In one of the game's few realistic aspects, I have not been able to smooth talk my way into any.



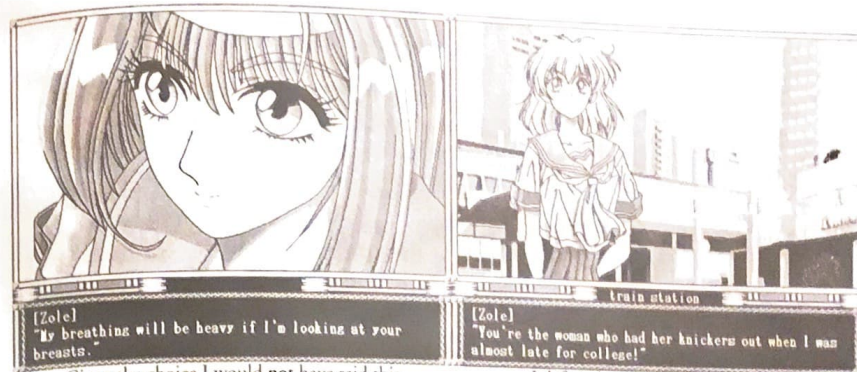
[Attractive woman]
"Excuse me but could you fuck off?"

Story of my life, man



[Father]
"whispering) Zole, she's got the hips of a mother."

I will never have sex again



Given the choice I would not have said this

I definitely would not have said this

I have seen the screenshots, though, and they are... well, let's just say this: after you finish the sex scene, you can view it again from the game's main menu, and you can either view the images by clicking the mouse, or you can have them advance automatically every three seconds. I think it's pretty clear why they added that feature. Let's move on.

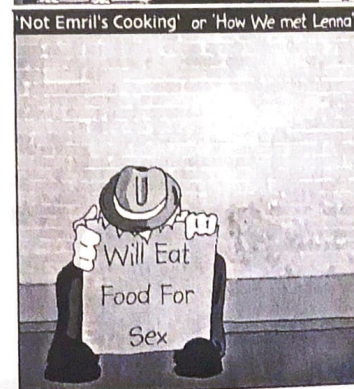
A reasonable question to ask at this point is, why? Sure, dating

in a video game is less risky, but if the result is naked pictures, I'm not sure what advantage *True Love* has over, say, porn. For me, the redeeming value is something like that of *The Sims*. Both games involve heavily statistics-oriented simulations of everyday life, albeit simpler in the case of dating sims. But whereas *The Sims* casts you as the disembodied ruler of a household, *True Love* puts you

in the trenches, on the front lines of your miserable, girl-obsessed life. And it's a welcome change from the hyperbole of most video games. After playing a lot of games, defeating the Evil Overlord Zakylmyr with your Sword of Infinite Motherfucking Ass-Beating +1 just start to seem routine. Making it with a lady, on the other hand, is truly the stuff of fantasy.



by David Lenna and Ian Cunningham



Daily Jolt Roundup

by Aaron Buchsbaum, columnist

NOVEMBER 10 - NOVEMBER 23

Sunday, November 10:

Ruckus is brought about the "Electro-TRASH" dance in the tavern Friday night. User 'Guest name (Guest)' thinks it was a waste of time and money, and suggests drunken-mod-dancing as the popular alternative. Three interns respond in a refreshingly congenial nature, thanking 'Guest name (Guest)' for his/her thoughtful feedback and asking for further input from the community at large. In other entertainment news, 'ShellLew' is trying to get rid of some "Bon Jovie and Goo Goo Dolls Tickets!". S/he leaves no specific explanation as to why these tickets must go, but does mention that the concert is in Jersey.

Monday, November 11:

A nameless 'girl (Guest)' has a "question for the boys". "Are you guys seriously only into the thin blonde girls?". An entire page's worth of discussion ensues, although the original question becomes invalidated by an initial response from 'WiseFool': any woman can tattle his testies, so long as they're specifically un-thin and not-blond. His post smacks of discrimination. Other exciting topics for Monday include "This made me laugh.", "Hampshire Idol", and "bag found in enfiled lot" (misspelling attributed to 'grr (Guest)').

Tuesday, November 12:

A relatively lack-luster Tuesday where posts are concerned. User 'Smithie (Guest)' sends a coy shout-out to Shel over in mod 101. The mecca-mack-daddy asks

that bidness is handled via his personal e-mail address. 'tom collins' expresses an appreciation for the writing and wit of Gore Vidal, while the ever-notorious 'Pablo' posts an IM conversation with a girl back home. Several responses wonder why such a post would interest anyone; in retrospect, this sentiment can be attributed in a much more general context.

Wednesday, November 13

All hell breaks loose c. 8:13am when several misgivings about "webmail" are posted. A severe lack of functionality prevents concerned citizens from accessing their early morning e-mail, an activity which has truly burst onto the scene of college wake-up routines. Thanks in no part to LensCrafters, the problem seems to be solved in about an hour, thus preventing an otherwise disastrous need to use Stout (two potentially obscure references in one). 'candygirl (Guest)' asks if anyone was interviewed for "teach for america". Conversation soon turns to sexism and pedagogy, which in turn decide to victory-boogie-woogie with paternalism. The Discursive Dance Dance Revolution lasts for three days.

Thursday, November 14:

A somewhat morose 'unhappy (Guest)' is looking for a book that will jive up the "horrible funk" she's recently been living. Forum goes have no shortage of suggestions, and inevitably list close to thirty different books. Titles range from "Age and Guile Beat Youth Innocence and a Bad Haircut"

to "Sellelevision", with only one off-handed reference to porn. User 'wondering (Guest)' is more concerned with the Tai Chi at Hampshire, horrified by rumors of self-absorbed instructors. Her/His question is semi-answered by the first response, after which the discussion veers somewhat off-topic, and turns into an open invitation to play 'Go' in the RCC. In other news, 'Irule (Guest)' proudly proclaims "I have my own toilet!". The Lemelson-designed urine bucket is currently installed in his dorm room, where it has been tacked on to some inexplicably exposed sewage piping.

Friday, November 15

I've never heard this term before, but apparently 'need it BAD (Guest)' is "crunked up" and looking for any one of a generic stimulus. In response 'Sky90' lands a proverbial boot to the groin, asking "Why, why, why, would you ask something so not intellectually stimulating." S/he does apologize for the accusatory tone, but its obvious that serious damage has already been wrought. Other derogatory remarks surface during the early morning, as 'Guest name (Guest)' rails on 'chiquita' for his/her misuse of "who'se" in a sentence. A grotesque amount of smug accompanies this response. In the Personals section, a discussion about "Voluptuous Women" tragically derails after being struck head on by a reference to the almighty "Jewfro".

Saturday, November 16:

Someone's got a GameBoy Advance + 3 games for sale, and for only 75\$ it could be a real steal. 'Squwaker (Guest)' does exactly as his/her name says, implicitly accusing 'seller (Guest)' of some illegal product appropriation. The discussion ends abruptly. Then there's 'Clit Licker (Guest)', a man who needs no introduction, who simply leaves a message "For the ladies". Unfortunately there'll be no fun-lovin tonight, just a snide suggestion to "get a 'pocket pussy'" from 'Guest name (Guest)'. In real-estate news, 'bex' wants a mod.

Sunday, November 17:

"Your post was sloppily done to where you didn't even put a name to it. You couldn't find the time to attend with a lazy social ethic like that. Get off your back, stoner scum, and get a clue!" (quote attributed to 'hmp (Guest)', in response to a post concerning the Hampshire Idol contest) Allow me to interject something here, folks. Critiquing a post on the Daily Jolt is like a working at Wendy's and embezzling orders from the dollar menu- a cheap thrill indicative of some really sordid state of affairs elsewhere. It's also not uncommon to see responses poking fun at some schlemiels poor use of grammar. Nu? Ir zayt a shlemazzel!

Monday, November 18

A full 24-hour discussion on the "top 10 movies" dominates the Jolt today, unceremoniously crushing the perverbal gonads of any other post. The string includes 33 separate posts, and therefore a potential of 330 movie titles. Fortunately most contributors engage in an argument over film-snobbery, with one well-timed

interjection from 'Lemmy': "Someone here has to like Rat Race!" In mildly important news, 'STUDENT (Guest)' asks about the "Hampshire at 50" workshop. User 'JPMarxx' is the man with the answers, as well as a novel bastion of concern for Hampshire's future.

Tuesday, November 19:

WUH-BAM! An askance comment for user 'kittydisaster' (a.k.a Tom Doherty, Dean of Student Life) suggests his upcoming divestment from the agrophal-lacraimperialhegemonist pseudo-nation that is Hampshire College. 'Guest name (Guest)' is respectfully dumbfounded, barely managing to gasp "you are leaving kitty????". Further lamentations arise over technical problems on the Daily Jolt; 'pantywak' has been trouble updating his/her profile while 'Tom_' thinks the interface in general could use an overhaul. 'Lemmy' assures all concerned he'll go straight to the source and have it out with "Jolt HQ".

Wednesday, November 20

'PranksterGod', a self admitted community council member, is wondering who all's "pissed about registration". Needless to say this topic receives a huge number of responses, each one smitten with a unique blend of angst, loathing, and colonic discomfort. A precise equilibrium between bitching and moaning lends an almost academic quality to the discourse, as the obligatory complaints around film/video classes are counterbalanced by much more recent ventings about the first-year plan. Div III student 'periaeria' tactfully ends the dialogue with "don't talk about things you know shit about."

Thursday, November 21

A question about "Hampshire Feminists" leads to misgivings about the actual definition of a feminist. User 'mini' offers an admittedly misquoted explanation s/he's heard before: "a feminist is someone who believes in the radical notion that women are people." Unfortunately no one seems to care, as 'Pablo' and 'jerri' follow-up "responses" can only be considered thus in a purely tangential sense. In other news, a "Party @ Mod 80" is only open to those who "cum dressed to impress..." This begs the question, is it possible to make a suit out of man-spooge?

Friday, November 22

Smith student 'lenny18' is looking for info on a few good Hampshire NS professors. 'NS nerd (Guest)' assures her that all NS faculty go through strict quality control before being hired, recognizing only the best in science pedagogy as institutionally acceptable. Allow me to break it down:

I spend my life in Cole
Rip a new knowledge hole
Progress with the best
Lest I gotta take a chem test

Saturday, November 23

User 'wowsa' is pining for a "Hot woman" s/he saw around Prescott. Kind of an odd thing to say about "your momma", or so 'MastaKillah (Guest)' thinks. In related news "Mod 80 was red hot!", with ample ass for everyone; According to party-goer 'Ass Getter (Guest)' the "girl: guy ratio was amazing". However this initial report was reduced to simply "admirable", after being corrected for homosexuality.





I was going to write a story but time escaped me, so I will just write down something completely different.

I've become somewhat anti-social in the last month. With class work and working at my job taking up most of my time, I end up being very tired during the day and I don't want to really socialize with anyone.

So what is it that you do to get some sanity back into your life? As geeky as this sounds, I've turned to the internet.

While I'm locked in my room for hours on end working, I need to take a breather with something. So here are a few of my favorite internet sites.

www.homestarrunner.com: Within first viewing this site over the summer I was hooked. Homestarrunner.com is a very expansive Flash site with shorts, interactive games, and music.

There are characters like Homestar Runner, this pretty dim, damn tall character with a baseball cap that is good at sports. Then there's The Cheat, who... well... cheats. He's absolutely adorable. And, of course, Strong Bad, by far my favorite character on the site. He has a section on the site in which he reads people's emails and responds to them with smartass comments.

Here's a little tip, while reading the emails, move the cursor around the screen, sometimes you can click on something and unlock a hidden game or Flash animation.

www.rathergood.com: This is one truly insane site. Everyone

INSOMNIA. ISOLATION, AND THE INTERNET

that has seen it has been very weirded out by it. The reason I go to it is very simple; the animation. If you go to the Kittens section and then click on one of the genres, you're in for a treat. My favorite animation right now is the Kittens acting as Vikings to Led Zeppelin's Immigrant Song. A fine piece of work and you finally get to find out what the hell they are saying.

www.emode.com or **www.thespark.com:** Two sites in which you can waste precious hours of your life taking quizzes to see how pure you are, what's your "Goddess Groove" (I kid you not) and what type of dog you are. I think the only redeeming thing about these websites and their quizzes is that you can send out emails to your friends and find out what they score on them.

www.livejournal.com: There's something about reading other people's journals. It's as if they've allowed you into some part of their life. Granted, a lot of these journals are from 13-15 year old females who talk about boys they think are hot, their day shopping, or something of that sort. Oh yes, and you have to love all of those journals that are adorned in solely pink, purple, red, or various variations on the hues.

www.nerve.com: I still go to this site two years after it was introduced to me and you know what its main appeal is? Their horoscopes and the Em and Lo Down. Em and Lo dish out

advice about relationships and sex. It's really funny when they go on a tirade about men or manners. And the horoscopes are something completely out of left field. There are also sections for personals, essays on sex, photos, and other stuff but quite frankly, I'm content with the two I just mentioned.

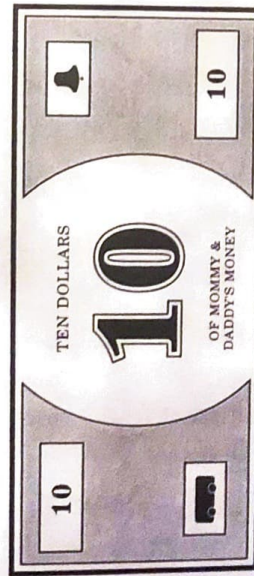
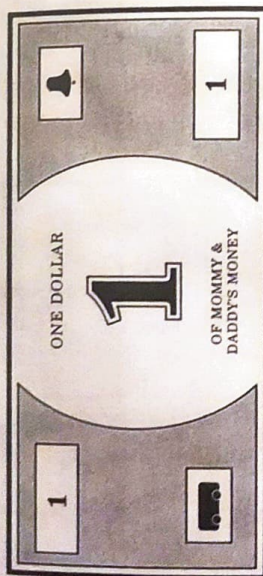
www.wcc.isamazing.com: Yes, this is going to be a very shameless plug. I'm one of the signer's for this group and I think you should really check out our website. It has character bios, galleries of posters from past events, some audio and video clips, blasts from the past, if you will, and all sorts of other fun stuff. You know that you're very interested in going to this site. Very interested. As a matter of fact, you're going to go to this site right after you finish reading this article. After looking at the site you're going to email me or Jeff, one of the other signer's and you're going to become one of the newest installments to the WWC family. Don't fight your urges any longer.

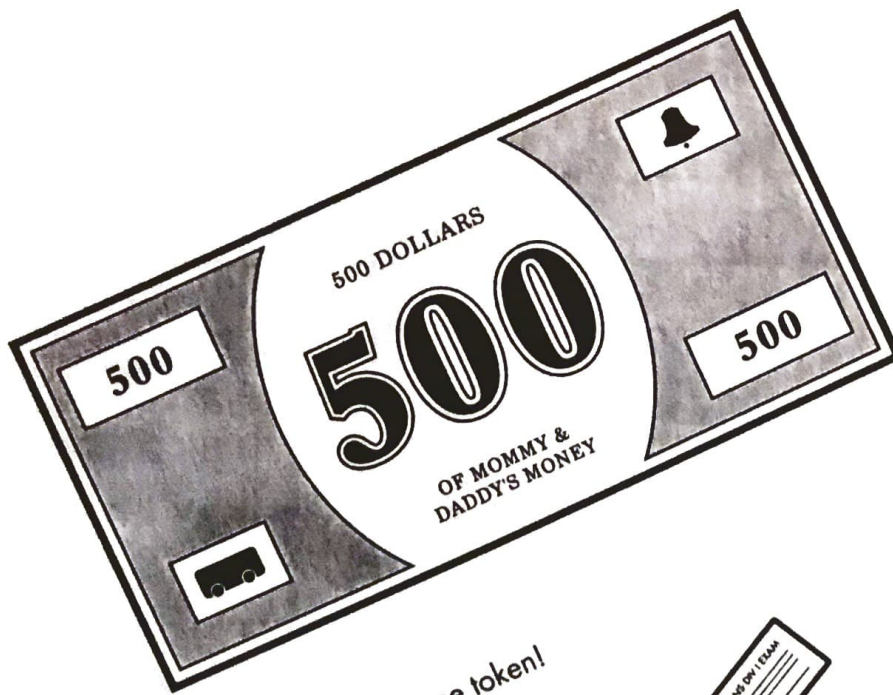
These sites and countless copies of items off of the network have kept me somewhat sane over the past couple of weeks. I'm looking forward to a month of being surrounded by family and coworkers in California over Winter Break. Funny thing is, I just trade in one set of busy schedules for the next.

Here's to caffeine and insomnia, folks. Have a great winter break.



some more money for your game





Choose your game token!



TOFU CUBE



YURT



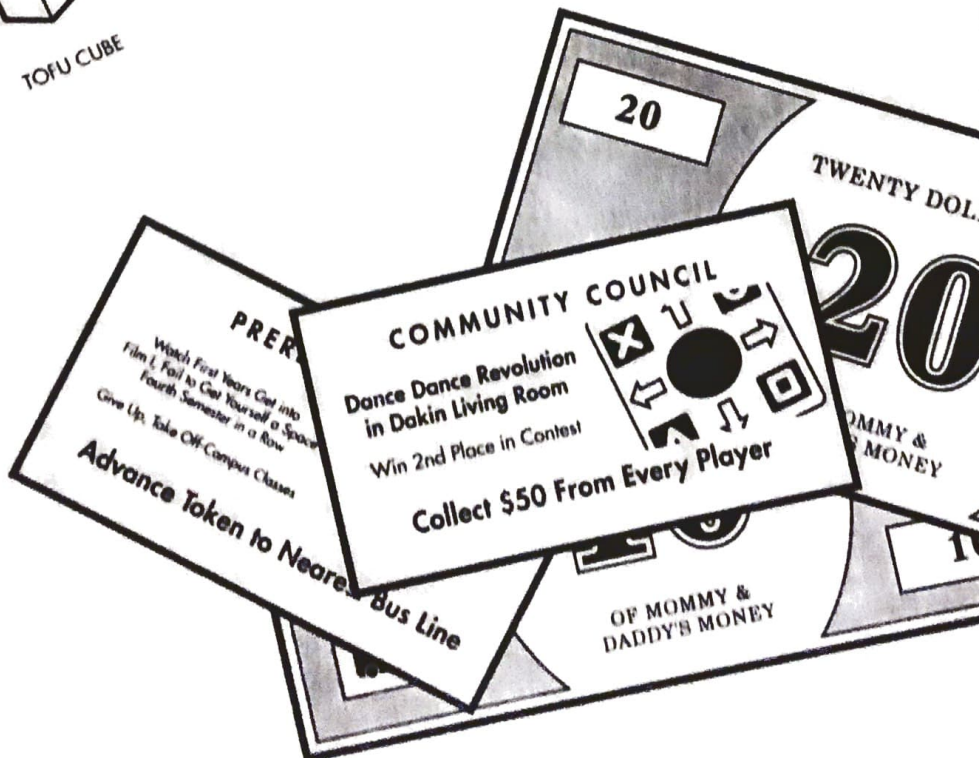
PROTEST SIGN







HAMPSHIRE TREE



PERPETUALLY UNSIGNED PAPERWORK



 DIV FREE	PRICE \$200 ROBERT CROWNE CENTER
FILM & PHOTO BUILDING PRICE \$200	
MUSIC & DANCE BUILDING PRICE \$180	
 COMMUNITY COUNCIL FOLLOW FOR DIRECTION FROM THE CAMPUS TO THE CAMPUS	
ART BARN PRICE \$180	
 PVA ROUTE 843 Anthony Smith "The Moll Bus" PRICE \$200	
LYNN MILLER PRICE \$160	
COLE SCIENCE CENTER PRICE \$140	
 PHYSICAL PLANT PRICE \$150	
HAROLD F. JOHNSON LIBRARY PRICE \$140	
JUST LEAVE VISITING	EMILY DICKINSON HALL PRICE \$120